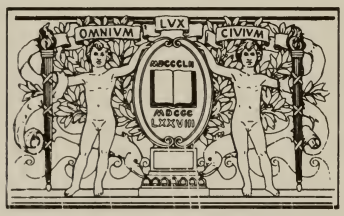
Memorial of
Alvan Simonds.



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Alvan Simondz.

MEMORIAL

OF

ALVAN SIMONDS

CASHIER OF MECHANICS BANK OF BOSTON
FOR FIFTY YEARS

DEACON OF PHILLIPS CHURCH OF BOSTON
FOR THIRTY-NINE YEARS

BOSTON
PRESS OF STANLEY AND USHER
171 DEVONSHIRE STREET
1887

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How beautiful it is for a man to die
Upon the walls of Zion; to be called
Like a watch-worn and weary sentinel,
To put his armor off, and rest in heaven.

—*Willis.*

SO DIED

DEACON ALVAN SIMONDS,

29TH MAY, 1886.

This memorial of him, who so exemplified through a long and useful life and in a triumphant death the power of Christian grace, has been prepared by those whose lives have been moulded by his influence, his example, and his prayers. Its purpose will have been accomplished if it assist to perpetuate the memory of his unselfish life, and bring consolation to any to whom his personal presence when in life was a comfort and a benediction.

We plant some box or pine,
Something that lives in winter, and shall be
An ever verdant offering to his memory.

In Memoriam

So when a good man dies,
For years beyond our ken
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the path of men.

MEMORIAL.

ALVAN SIMONDS was born in Fitchburg, Mass., 10th December, 1807. He was the youngest son of Joseph and Sallie (Downe) Simonds. Of his boyhood one of his schoolmates still living says, "In his school-life he was generally at the head of his class, full of fun, always pleasant." Another, "He was always a good scholar and a good boy." Another, "Alvan's smile was in his soul." And yet another, "The boy was father to the man."

He remained in Fitchburg until February, 1824, attending school and assisting in the work upon his father's farm. At the age of sixteen years and two months he came to Boston and obtained a clerical position with the Boston Glass Manufactory and South Boston Glass Works. He applied himself to his duties with the ardent energy of youth and brought to their performance such fidelity, correctness and ability as to secure at once the confidence of his employers. He must, even at this early age, have displayed that trait which distinguished him through life — perfect reliability; for when in 1827 these corporations became involved, the entire work of closing their affairs was placed in his charge by the assignees, nearly two years before he had attained his majority. On the completion of this work, in 1831, he retired with numerous testimonials from

the stockholders and prominent business men with whom he had been brought in contact. These are interesting as expressive of the estimation in which he was held by those who knew him best. "His moral character is unexceptionable." "He is a young man of honesty, integrity and industry." "His abilities are unquestioned." "He has an education that fits him to be an instructor of the young."

In the next years, until 1836, he was engaged in the dry goods business on his own account. Of these years, one long since departed gathered the record into a single sentence, "You could always trust him."

In May, 1836, at its organization he was appointed cashier of Mechanics Bank. During the following year the bank was removed from the corner of Broadway and A Street to its present location, the residence portion of the building being occupied by him as his home from that time until his death. Here for fifty years he faithfully discharged the duties of his office, exercising watchful care for the institution placed in his charge, night and day, and devoting his life to its interests. So thoroughly did he identify himself with the institution and impress his individuality upon it, that among the general public it was frequently alluded to as Alvan Simonds's Bank, and its prosperity and success were ascribed to his rare business ability and excellent judgment.

Deacon Simonds was married to Lucy Whitney Day, 17th January, 1832, who died 17th April, 1854; second, to Lucretia Stearns Day, 15th November, 1855, who died 30th January, 1866; third, to Susan Whitney Smith, 5th December, 1867, who is still living. Four of his eight children also survive him. He possessed in a marked degree qualities of heart which made him the central figure of the home; ever a ready helper, strong and constant in fatherly affection, cheerful and loving to all.

We have, in the trusts committed to his charge by his fellow-men all along the years of his life, a revelation of their estimate of his inflexible fidelity and steadfastness of character. We have already alluded to his fulfilling the duties of cashier of Mechanics Bank for fifty years as the leading feature of his business life, while his steadfastness was also displayed in his interest for the poor, leading him to give fifty-four consecutive years of service as an officer of the Howard Benevolent Society of Boston. He was also a director of the City House of Industry from 1834 to 1836; overseer of the poor for Ward XII. from 1833 to 1836; member of the Common Council of Boston during 1847 and 1848; representative from Boston to the State Legislature in 1836, and was elected presidential elector for Massachusetts in November, 1872, on the Republican ticket.

His deep interest in educational work and all matters pertaining to the instruction of the

young is evidenced by his twenty-one years of service on the Primary School Committee of Boston, and, after the method of school supervision was changed, an additional fifteen years as a member of the Grammar School Committee. Of the Primary School Board he was for several years the secretary, and in 1854 the president.

In this school work he was as earnest, devoted and faithful as in the performance of all the other duties of life. After a continuous service of twenty years as secretary of the board he was compelled by ill-health to resign the position, which he did in a most interesting letter in which he reviews the work performed by the committee during this long period, and bears strong testimony to its importance and value. The strength of the claim that he felt the duties of this office made upon him and the conscientious manner in which he fulfilled these duties are both evident from the following extract from this letter:

"In May, 1849, it was my privilege, in the discharge of my duties, to do what I believe no other person has ever done: that was, to visit every school in the city, examine every record book, and spend a few minutes in every schoolroom."

That his intellectual and mental qualities were of no common order is evident from his own account of his religious experience, which is given herein, and from the few fragments that remain of his early literary efforts; while the appointment of a

boy of nineteen to close the affairs of a bankrupt business, and his election as cashier of the Mechanics Bank at the age of twenty-eight, show that those that knew him in early life recognized that he possessed even then those traits that are essential to the successful management of business affairs.

With a mind which carried in its retentive memory all the details of his profession he also readily grasped the larger questions of finance, and whatever he did was done with such facility that one instinctively felt that he was capable of much greater things. With all was associated a system and order which enabled him to do, and to do well, a large amount and great variety of labor. To those of less methodical habits the extent and scope of his work seemed a marvel. One who was his associate in business tells how carefully, in the multiplicity of his duties, when in the prime of manhood, he was accustomed to arrange details that he might not waste a moment of time in changing from one sphere of duty to another.

He was also a wise and far-seeing business man, possessing powers by the exercise of which, with the opportunities at his command, he might have amassed a large fortune; but turning aside from the pursuit of wealth as an unworthy aim, he deliberately set his face towards higher and better things, furnishing a noble example to young men and old who make haste to get rich. He could

readily penetrate the designs and motives of others, and so capable was he of forecasting the results of actions that he was ever the safest of advisers. His legal knowledge, it was said again and again, was better in certain lines than that of many lawyers, and he became the trusted counselor of his large circle of acquaintances. One who knew him in the intimacy of business for nearly half a century writes, "He was cautious, prudent, wise. It was enough for any one to know that Mr. Simonds had attended to it, no matter what the business was."

With a firmness which was immovable where a principle was at stake, and which must have many times made him an obstacle in the way of scheming men, he rarely, if ever, failed to retain the respect of an opponent, while his own mind did not seem open to those baleful influences which the antagonisms of business often produce.

Mr. Simonds was preëminently a religious man, not ostentatiously so, but with firm convictions he carried his faith into practice in all the acts of his daily life. He never intruded his opinions upon others nor entered into controversy upon doctrinal subjects, but so thoroughly was he imbued with the spirit of the gospel that its law became naturally his constant rule and guide. There was nothing of a gloomy or austere character in his religion, no asceticism tinged his life; naturally of a buoyant and joyous disposition, he was always cheerful, genial and good-humored. Though in later years

advancing age sobered somewhat his manner and spirits, in earlier life he was fond of jest and story, so they were pure and not irreverent, with an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes and a rare art in relating them and adapting them to occasions. With a pleasant wit, which was never caustic, he brought enjoyment to every circle he entered, was entertaining in conversation, courteous in discussion, and convincing in argument. He was ever gentle with the erring and when occasion required reproof to child or friend, his kindly manner in the administering robbed it of all sting. That he should utter an unjustly harsh or even extravagant word of any one seemed almost impossible to those who knew him.

In all the relations of life, duty formed the mainspring of his action, governing every thought and deed. Constantly he sought to know what duty was, and conscientiously he sought to perform what he conceived it to be. If satisfied that the way before was God's path, however rough, however thorny, he turned his feet therein. As we consider the traits which made up his symmetrical character and the influences which through life emanated from it, we are impressed with the thought that all in him that we honor and admire, all that distinguished him, and all that has been or can be said of him is comprehended in the single phrase: He was a Christian man.

WE almost fear that we are betraying the confidence of the dead in presenting his own carefully written diary of his early experience; for we are confident that until after he, who here set down, in tender and simple words, the struggles through which his soul passed from darkness into light, had gone to dwell forever with the Saviour who redeemed him, no eyes but his had ever rested on its pages; but believing it will be a precious privilege to those who knew and loved him to discover in it the germ from which sprang the tree and flower and fruit that so adorned the garden of the Lord, we feel that we cannot withhold it.

Those who knew him will readily discern that the personal experience that he passed through at this crisis gave shape to his subsequent religious life.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

Unto you therefore which believe he is precious. — 1 Peter ii. 1.

Wednesday, March 28th, 1827. It was on this day that I humbly hope I was enabled, with a feeble faith, to lay hold on Christ as a precious Saviour. All the days of my life I have rebelled against him, and though I felt I had no excuse, and from day to day I heard, "This is the way, walk ye in it," and I knew speculatively there was no other way of

salvation, I resolutely determined to defer the one thing needful to a future time. And has the grace of God indeed called me to an understanding of the truth?

'T is a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord or no,
Am I his or am I not?

If I indeed am, how weak is my faith! Yet in view of my own guilt and rebellion against my Maker and Preserver, him who spared not his own Son to be made sin for us, I am ready to say: —

Here Lord I give myself away,
'T is all that I can do.

Yet why has God so magnified his grace as to save me from ruin by faith in Jesus Christ? I that am not meet to be a disciple, having so long resisted his calls, despised the riches of his grace and forbearance and longsuffering, and trampled under foot the precious blood of that Saviour who could die even for his enemies. But God hath commended his love to us, in that while we were yet enemies Christ died for us. Oh, what a precious Saviour! Yet some would make him but a man. But such a Saviour is not the one who has died for me. He has shed his blood a sacrifice for my aggravated sins and yielded for me that perfect obedience to the law which my sinful heart can never do.

Yes, Jesus! Jesus! there I'll cling,
I'll crowd beneath his sheltering wing;
I'll clasp the cross, and holding there,
Even me, oh, bliss! His wrath may spare.

By divine assistance I am resolved to cling unto the Lord; solemnly and deliberately I give myself away to him as the only offering I can make for his unbounded goodness. O God! assist me to do this, not as a gratuitous work, but as a solemn and imperious duty. Oh! what are all the vain pleasures of earth, which are gone almost before they are tasted, and which cannot abide but a few days at best! Yet allowing there are days of pleasure on earth, and add to all these the most unbounded enjoyment that an inventive imagination can supply, or the most playful fancy picture, and still "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man, the things that God has prepared for them that love him." Oh, help me, Jesus, that I fail not, and let me not bring dishonor on thy blessed name! Oh, help me to bear thy cross rejoicing through evil and good report, and to suffer reproach for thy name! Thou has said, "In the world ye shall have tribulation," but hast kindly added this encouragement: "But be of good cheer; for I have overcome the world." But above all, help me to be humble, to remember the rock from which I hope I have been hewn, and the pit from which I trust I have been digged! Help me to place my hopes on Jesus Christ the Rock, and to feel the full

force of the inspired direction, "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths."

Monday evening, April 16th, 1827. Attended inquiry-meeting in Essex-street vestry. About fifty present, very solemn, and it seemed as if the Spirit of God was there. Oh! I prayed, and thought I could become anything if but one soul could that evening find Christ. But the work is the Lord's and he will carry it on.

Wednesday, May 16th. This evening I went before the committee of the church in South Boston, for examination, with a view of joining the same. Oh, what solemn considerations connect themselves with this! It is a great thing to be a Christian. If I am not a child of God; if I have been deceiving myself with a false hope, and should still be accepted of men, when my heart is not right in the sight of God, what an amazing, soul-destroying sin I should commit! If I should come out and profess the religion of Jesus before men, and it should afterward prove I had trusted on false hopes, and built my faith on myself instead of the rock Christ Jesus, how should I endanger my own soul! To the great sin of passing coldly by the amazing scenes of Calvary which I have so long done, and of trampling underfoot the blood that there flowed for me, I should add the sin of most solemn and impious mockery. Yes, better would it be for those

rebellious Jews that crucified the Lord of glory, who mocked him, and scourged him, and spit on him, than for one who should take upon him the solemn vow to be the Lord's, when he knew him not. And if I am not actuated by real love to the Saviour, or if I should refuse to be guided by his Holy Spirit, I should inflict a deep wound in my Saviour's cause, I should give occasion to opposers of religion to say it was all an idle dream. I tremble in view of what is depending, for "the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." "Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me and know my ways, and lead me in the way everlasting." Oh, may I look deep into my own heart, and, O blessed Spirit of truth, wilt thou assist and enlighten me and show me more and more the depth of that fountain of iniquity, my own heart, and aid me in deep humility to walk as a poor child of Jesus!

Sunday, May 20th. Heard Rev. Mr. Isham. Ecclesiastes xii. 1: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say I have no pleasure in them."

Oh, how I desire to bless God for a religious education! My parents gave me up to God by baptism in infancy, and their pious prayers have continually ascended that the Holy Spirit might descend and baptize my heart unto Jesus. And you, my sainted mother, did not the thought that your

children were still out of Christ embitter your dying moments? If, then, I owe gratitude to earthly parents, how much more to a heavenly one! If I hearkened not to a tender mother's voice, how doubly guilty am I to slight the warning voice and offered mercy of Jesus who died for me!

> Oh, for this love let earth and skies
> With hallelujahs ring,
> And the full choir of human tongues
> Their Saviour's praises sing!

And yet, how sinful are my thoughts, continually wandering on forbidden objects, chained down to earth, fettered with its blandishments! At times I am almost ready to give up all hope of having ever been born again, and it is only by fleeing at once to Calvary and bowing the knee in prayer for strength that I am enabled to receive any comfort. O God! turn off my mind from vanities of earth and help me to place it on death, judgment and eternity. Oh! do not permit me to abuse the earthly blessings thou hast lent me, in such a manner that thou wilt withdraw them, but help me rightly to use them for thy glory.

May 22d. How cold and dull is my heart this day! It seems as if I were a great way off from God and can only get glimpses occasionally of his glory. O Jesus! let me keep thy cross constantly in view, and wilt thou send the Comforter to warm my affections, to enliven my stupidity, and to give me a clearer view of God's holy character.

JESUS OUR HIDING-PLACE.

When wandering far from thee, my God
And slighting thy rich grace,
E'en then thou stayed the uplifted rod
And showed the hiding-place.

I saw thee stern to enforce thy law,
With anger on thy face,
Against my sin; but hope still saw
A precious hiding-place.

I fought and strove good works to plead
The wrath of God to efface;
All would not do; I felt the need
Of this great hiding-place.

Now I'll not fear what man can do
To stop me in the race.
I'll follow on while I can view
Jesus, my hiding-place.

June 2d. In reviewing the past week how little have I lived to God! The hurry of my business has kept my mind from the higher enjoyments which make for peace. But

Soon the kind minute will appear
When we shall leave these bodies here,
And mount aloft to worlds on high
To endless life beyond the sky.

June 8th. Preparatory lecture preached by Mr. Sandford. I. Thess. iv. 3: "For this is the will of God, even your sanctification."

Sunday, June 10th, 1827. Rev. Dr. Jenks. I. John v. 10: "He that believeth on the Son hath

the witness in himself." On this day I, unworthy as I am, came forward with seven others and publicly united with the visible Church of Christ in South Boston. For the first time I sat down to the table of the Lord and partook of the emblems of his body and blood, the one wounded and bruised for *my* iniquities, the other shed for the remission of *my* sins. Oh! if I ever felt my own unworthiness, it was now, that all rebel as I was, I could still hope for pardon, all despisingly as I had treated the same Jesus, I could now hope he had died even for me, and I was permitted to come forward to the well of endless life. If ever the eyes of my feeble faith could look with tearful confidence to Calvary, and to him who bled there on the cross for such as I, it was then. Oh, who would not love such a Saviour!

When I view my Saviour bleeding
For my sins upon the tree,
Oh, how wondrous, how exceeding
Great his love appears for me!

June 25th, 1827. I have thought I would record in a concise manner the dealings of God with my poor unworthy self at the time when I hope his free grace was magnified in his showing me forgiving mercy through Jesus Christ. Blessed with a religious education, and ever sitting under the faithful preaching of the gospel, I have ever been impressed with the belief of the importance of experimental religion, and have had many serious thoughts

upon the state of my soul. But I never had, to my recollection, any special strivings of God's Holy Spirit, any very deep and permanent convictions of sin, till within a few months. How often, several years ago, did I resolve that in a few years I would attend to religion; but the buoyancy of youth and the wickedness of my heart caused me to forget my good resolutions. I listened with attention to many pious sermons while I lived at Fitchburg, which proved to the conviction of my understanding the truth of the religion of the Bible and of the doctrines of grace. For a year and a half after I came to Boston I had scarcely a serious thought about my precious soul. Though I generally attended church, it was with very improper motives. Oh, the longsuffering and forbearance of God! I have often of late looked back on this period of time and exclaimed, "Why was I not cut down as a cumberer of the fair creation God has spread out for the enjoyment of his creatures?" I shudder at the very idea of the punishment due to me for my cold neglect of Jesus. In December, 1825, I commenced attending Rev. Mr. Green's meeting. I remember nothing special in my feelings until about the February following. At this time the Spirit of God was graciously poured out on the society in Fitchburg. From week to week intelligence came of one and another of my old acquaintances who had had their hearts broken in pieces by the power of divine grace, and were bowing at the feet of Jesus.

It was then my heart rose in rebellion against God, who, I thought, had removed me out of the way that I might not set about religion in the company of my associates, and my wicked heart whispered me when thinking about this, "Well, you are not to blame." Oh! the impiety of the natural heart which will lay the fault of its still loving its sins on God, who is even then waiting to be gracious. It was also about this time that a sermon preached by Rev. Dr. McAuley, of New York, took hold of my attention. The text was Jer. xxix. 12, 13. I well recollect after going home that I opened my neglected Bible, read the chapter entire, and tried to pray, the only time at which I remember to have made the trial for some years. But, alas! my impressions were as the early cloud and the morning dew that goeth away. During the summer and fall following I had no particular thought on religious subjects, and when I did think of them it was but to say, "Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season I will call for thee." In December, 1826, I joined the Bible class at Essex-street Church, which proved of great interest and benefit to me. A subject was given out every week, on which a few of the class were requested to write. Two subjects on which I was one designated to write led me to much serious reflection. These were, "The worth of the soul" and "Death-bed repentance."

My mind has been, I think, rather more tender

than usual for the past winter, but not enough so to prevent me from engaging in useless and pernicious amusements, in lightness of conduct, and in giving way to the levity of my disposition. About the tenth of March following, the faithful Mr. Green had a short conversation with me, in which, with all the faithfulness of his office, he pointed out the great guilt of withholding my heart from God, and with all the tender solicitude of a friend besought me to lay hold on the hopes of the gospel.

It was on a Saturday evening, March 24th, that a more powerful striving of the Holy Spirit commenced than I ever before knew. It was on that evening that I found an intimate friend, with whom I had some conversation, was earnestly seeking the way of salvation and besought me tenderly to care for my immortal soul. That night was to me a night of wakefulness, for my sins rose in remembrance before me and a voice seemed to whisper, "Now, and now only, is the accepted time." God was graciously pouring out his Spirit in the city and on some of my acquaintance, and it seemed as if the door of mercy was closing for me for the last time, and that I must be barred out if Jesus did not appear for me soon. But my proud heart said, Why need you be so alarmed about your sins; surely it was not for you that such a ransom was paid, but for the vile and wicked. But conscience told me I was the vilest of the vile, in that, while I had been restrained from the grossest outward vices, I had

neglected and despised the Saviour. The next day was Sunday, and I attended meeting in an anxious state of mind. Never shall I forget the more than usual solemnity to me of the exercises of that day. The fervent Mr. Green rose in prayer and commenced with a deep and heartfelt acknowledgment of sin, and here I could join him. But when he spoke of the hope of pardon through Christ, of the triumphs of the Christian over sin through the strength of his Redeemer, I could find no answering emotion in my bosom; all there was a tempest dark as midnight and rebellious to God's government. He took for his text, "The wages of sin is death," and while he discoursed both forenoon and afternoon from these words, the terrors of God's violated law spoke in thunder tones to my guilty soul. Not that I feared there was no way of escape — I knew there was — but, such was the rebellion of my heart, I scorned to lay down everything at the feet of Jesus, and if I continued in sin I knew its wages were eternal death. I determined that I would repent of sin and lead a better life. But the faithful speaker told us that repentance was no atonement for sin; that if we could henceforward yield a perfect obedience it would not atone for past transgressions.

Monday evening I attended the inquiry-meeting and had a few words of conversation with Mr. Green, in which he exhorted me to bow to the sceptre of Christ.

On Tuesday evening I spent an hour or two in

conversation with the same friend mentioned before, and we mutually resolved to give ourselves no rest until we found it in Christ. Earnestly did that friend exhort me to seek with full purpose of heart for that humble spirit which should enable me to lay hold on the hopes of the gospel. That night was to me a night of bitterness and woe. I could see myself standing on the brink of everlasting ruin, just ready to sink and perish, while the just vengeance of an offended and forgotten God seemed hot against me for my sin. I fancied I could hear him saying, "My son, give me thine heart." But this seemed too hard for me. What! give your heart, said pride, to one whose fierce anger is even now burning against you? But yet, I saw he was just; that it was against my sin he was angry, and not with me, and that even for me he had provided a way of escape. But must I give up every earthly idol and bow to Jesus of Nazareth? I strove to build up a righteousness of my own to recommend me to the favor of God, and to go at least part way towards my soul's salvation. But I found all would not do; I found I must be saved, if at all, only by the merits of Him "who was wounded for our transgressions, who was bruised for our iniquities." I cannot distinctly recollect in what state of mind I fell asleep, but next morning, March 28th, I arose with different feelings. As I looked forth on the clear blue sky just illuminated by the rising sun, it seemed to say, "God is here." Through all that

day I felt a lightness of heart entirely new to me, and feared I had begun to lose my impressions. True, my load of sin seemed gone, but I trembled lest I was growing callous with former indifference. I determined to call that evening on Mr. Green to see if he would not say something to awaken me from what I feared was stupidity, but he was not at home. I dared not say anything of my feelings, they were to me so new and strange, until the Saturday evening following. I had, however, intimated my feeble hope to the friend named before, who, I found, was also secretly, though tremblingly, hoping in an interest in the redemption of Christ. On Saturday evening, however, another friend pressed me to reveal my feelings and I could no longer conceal them, and after an hour or two of conversation, I retired and poured out and relieved my full heart in tears. They were tears of joy, however, for now I could exclaim, "What hath God wrought!" "Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift." Now I could say, "The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice!" and could adore the riches of that grace which was willing to show mercy even to me, and when reflecting on the love of Jesus, my swelling heart could only say: —

Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'T is all that I can do.

"Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my ways, and lead me in the way everlasting."

DEACON SIMONDS became a member of Phillips Church, 10th June, 1827. It is worthy of note that at this time he was a young man not twenty years of age. Thoughtfully and deliberately he entered into covenant with Christ and this chosen earthly church, and we realize how well he was prepared for the solemn act which ever after influenced his whole life. He entered at once upon Christian work. The church had been but recently formed, and was feeble both in resources and numbers; he was young and ardent, and heartily assisted in bearing the burden. He took a class in the Sunday-school, and as a teacher was found one of the most constant at the weekly teachers' meeting, while his love and reverence for the Bible led him to a preparation of heart and intellect which made him an instructor of instructors.

The church prayer-meeting was very dear to him throughout his life; it was to him a place to talk with God. How he enjoyed the fellowship of brethren and sisters in Christ! He bore his full share in the exercises of these meetings, and his voice in prayer and exhortation carried one near to the throne of God.

At this stage of his young Christian life he also maintained special neighborhood meetings nearly every week in some private house, frequently at a distance from the church. In connection with

others he made a canvas of South Boston in the interest of the Bible Society, visiting every house with the purpose of putting a copy of the Bible into each family, rich as well as poor. He engaged, with the assistance of others whom he had drawn into the work, in the distribution of religious tracts each month. We find him moulding his own life on temperance principles and actively engaged in temperance work.

He delighted in, and had a sincere love and reverence for, the Christian Sabbath. No obstacle that he could control turned his feet away from the courts of the house of the Lord. It was a principle with him to be always found in the place of prayer, and each Lord's day in the house of the Lord, a principle and a practice from which he turned not away to the end. The record of his Christian life during these early years shows great self-denial and toil for the Zion he so much loved; indeed, the church first and self last seemed a motto of his life. In the Sunday-school he was firm, loving, gentle and earnest, and his tender interest for the children and youth won their love and confidence and inclined them to receive his safe counsel and advice. He was a teacher in Phillips Church Sunday-school, from 1827 to 1883, and ceased not to be interested in all that pertained to it ever after. He was its superintendent from 1838 to 1853, having a class of his own during the entire period, although this labor was no light tax upon his powers of mind and body,

nor small demand upon his time. He had a peculiar talent for, and gave great interest to, the analysis and exposition of the Bible, and the young people who made up his classes throughout these years were strongly attached to him, while his instruction, advice and counsel must have influenced for good their after lives. It was the custom in those years to hold a morning session, in addition to the regular one of the afternoon, for the rehearsal of music and practice in reading and reciting Scripture in concert, and at both he was uniformly in his place earnestly and heartily engaged in the exercises.

Phillips Church Society was incorporated in 1834. At its first meeting Alvan Simonds was chosen clerk, an office he held continuously until his resignation in 1867. The records of the society during this term, covering a period of a third of a century, are the history of the church and will always continue a source of deep satisfaction and justifiable pride to its members. On his declining reëlection his services were recognized by commendatory resolutions and substantial gift, which drew from him tender expressions of thanks for the kindness of his brethren, while he disclaimed in his own modest, self-forgetting way any especial merit entitling him to such evidence of their honor and esteem.

But the crowning relation of Alvan Simonds to Phillips Church was that of deacon. He was elected to this office, November, 1843, and held it until his resignation in 1882. On one occasion, when he,

with Deacon Drake, thought it possible that some of their brethren had lost confidence in their judgment, they, with loving, brotherly declarations of their loyalty to the church, resigned, but were both immediately and unanimously reëlected. How sweetly he filled this office, how tender his heart at the service preparatory to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, what rapt attention to the thought of the hour, and how softly he trod as he bore the emblems of the broken body and the shed blood!

At the meetings of the standing committee of the church, as he talked with those who were seeking admission to her membership, with what well-chosen words he led them to his own clear perceptions that a sinner is redeemed by grace and not by merit, and that all the wants of a soul are met in the sacrifice of the Lord. How precious all his counsel and how genial and hearty his welcome to the young Christian!

It was his custom to visit often the members of the church; to make a record of removals and to keep, by loving, friendly letters, a watch and care over such as were absent until they transferred their church relations. Precious were his visits to the sick and afflicted. How he took upon his own heart their burdens, and by tender words and prayers drew the suffering ones to the heart of Christ! And when death had entered the home, his own words were few, but with a heart full of sympathy he repeated the precious promises of God's Word.

He was eminently a man of prayer. Systematically, as if by appointment with his Maker, he entered into his closet to pray. Whatever the surroundings, the family altar was never neglected. He had power at the throne of grace. In the prayer-meetings of the church how he poured out his soul to God, pleading for the presence of the Holy One to quicken and uplift the worshiping assembly! And who that has heard can ever forget the tender, almost tearful, pleading voice in which he prayed for the soul whose eye was lifted toward Christ, as though he could not be denied for such a soul the words, "Son, be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee"?

In a letter to one of his absent sons, not long before his death, a portion of which we insert, is revealed his calm, waiting, trustful spirit as his steps went down toward the river. He says, "My time for meeting my children together must speedily come to a close in the earthly life. May we be reunited in the heavenly and everlasting life together with those dear ones that have gone over the river before us! I never expected in past years to live to the age at which I have now arrived, which is greater than has been reached by parents, brothers and sisters who have gone before me. God has been very gracious to me in giving me so many earthly days, so many friends and enjoyments. I am more and more sensible of my short-comings and that I have so often failed in faithfulness to my

children and friends and associates. May none of them be finally lost from the failure of my precept or example. We are well as usual, except as growing age is manifesting itself in my case. I am now nearly seventy-eight and do not expect to pass eighty. So short now is life to me on earth, may it be to me eternal life beyond, and to you also! This is the best wish I can have for you.

With love,

Your affectionate father,

ALVAN SIMONDS.

Often, in the latter years, in the meetings of the church he manifested the sentiment of this letter; it was as though he was ready to say good-by all too often. In one of the prayer-meetings, not long before his death, he asked for the singing of a hymn, part of which he repeated, as describing his conception of the death of the righteous, and expressed his own longing so to die. An old writer has said, "He that would not have Death meet him as a stranger must not live a stranger to Death," and our dear brother, now that the knock was heard at his door, though he instinctively shrank from admitting this visitor, yet received him without fear and took his offered hand in calm submission and unwavering trust in God. Death was a conquered foe.

During the early months of the year he suffered from severe colds, each seeming to sap his vitality and leave him weaker than the previous one. Fre-

quently he was advised by his physician and urged by his friends to rest from his business cares and let others relieve him of the more arduous labors of his position, but so long as there was a duty to perform, and he had the strength to accomplish it he could not rest. Saturday, 22d May, 1886, though weak and feeble, he performed his usual duties in the bank, and on the following day, though not feeling able to attend church, went out for a short distance, returning much exhausted. On Monday, 24th May, he rose at his usual hour and sat with the family at breakfast, but soon after returned to his room, which he was never again to leave.

On this morning he conducted family worship for the last time, the Scripture reading being the thirteenth chapter of Luke, in which are many passages which afterward seemed to have peculiar significance. He closed his prayer which followed the reading with these words, "If this earthly house of our tabernacle is being dissolved, may we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

And the name of the chamber was Peace.

Submission, patience, calmness, unselfishness, thoughtfulness for others — all sweet graces marked his every word and action during that last week of life. Though he felt confident from the first that he could not recover, yet he was conscientiously observant of every direction of the physician, every

suggestion of the nurse, and used every precaution to husband his fast failing strength. Grateful for every attention, appreciative of every service, he seemed constantly fearful of demanding too much of those who ministered to him. Not an impatient word or movement mars the sacred memories of that hallowed week.

Early on Saturday morning the attendants who were closely watching him noticed that dread, indefinable change in his appearance which often presages death. He rallied from this weakness as the day opened, but it was evident to all that, as he himself expressed it, it was "a question of but a few hours." His intellectual powers were not clouded to the end, and every grace and charm that had adorned his character through life shone with additional lustre during this last day on earth. Trust in God and resignation to His will, as breathed from his own lips in prayer, was the felt presence of the place. The words from the Book, frequently repeated by himself or read at his request, the last prayer made by his pastor, hand clasped in hand, brought the very presence of the Good Shepherd whose voice the dying one knew so well, and who was now calling his own by name. That room of death seemed, indeed, the vestibule of Heaven, where one could hear from beyond the portals the voice of Jesus, saying, Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.

A sweet air cometh from the shore immortal,
Inviting homeward at the day's decline,
Almost we see where from the open portal,
Fair forms stand beckoning with their smiles divine.

'T is well! The earth, with all her myriad voices,
Has lost the power the senses to enthral;
We hear above the tumult and the noises,
Soft tones of music like an angel's call.

About noon he asked his children, who were about him, to sing a hymn that had ever been a favorite with him.

My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.

For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

We 'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant homes discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.

Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever,
Our King says, come, and there 's our home
Forever, oh! forever!

As evening approached, his physician, on leaving him for the last time, as they both realized, took his hand and said, "Good-night, my dear old friend," when he, returning the grasp with a strong pressure, replied, "Good-by, Doctor, I hardly think you will find me here in the morning." After this he rested quietly, submissively waiting for the end, gratefully thanking the loved ones who attended upon him, as they gave him his cooling drink. So passed the evening; gradually failing in strength, his breath growing shorter and shorter, his life slowly ebbing away, until without a struggle, as placid and as peaceful as a child drops into sleep in the safe shelter of its mother's arms, at eleven o'clock and thirty-five minutes he passed into the rest that remaineth. A sweet smile passed over his face, as though he recognized loved ones waiting on the "shining shore" to welcome him to his heavenly home.

He heard the angels on the farther shore,
His eyes were closed to earth forevermore,
He passed to Paradise as in a dream.

WE cannot close this imperfect sketch of Alvan Simonds, as he was in life, and as he was in death, without quoting the beautiful hymn alluded to on a previous page, "because," as he expressed it, on the occasion referred to, "it is so true."

How blest the righteous when he dies,
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys,
And naught disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell!
How bright th' unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say, —
How blest the righteous when he dies!

At the morning service at Phillips Church on the following day the pastor announced his death, and in touching words spoke of the great loss the church, the community, and all who had come with-

in the circle of his influence had sustained. At three o'clock and thirty minutes on the afternoon of Tuesday, 1st June, services were held at the family residence, relatives only being present, Rev. Dr. R. R. Meredith, a former pastor, and Rev. F. E. Clark, the present pastor of Phillips Church, offering prayers. Public services followed an hour later at Phillips Church. The spacious edifice was filled with a mourning company as his body was borne up the aisle by those who had been associated with him for many years in the various interests which had occupied his life. A simple bunch of palm-leaves lay upon the casket, while grouped about were many beautiful and expressive floral designs. The pew, which he with his family had occupied since the erection of the church, and from which his presence was seldom missed at any service, was vacant and draped with the emblems of death and immortality. The services were participated in by Rev. Dr. E. K. Alden, for many years pastor of the church, Rev. Dr. R. R. Meredith, and Rev. F. E. Clark. At their conclusion the congregation and general public were afforded an opportunity of looking for the last time upon his face, which never more could answer back with winsome and benignant smile. Here within this church which had been for him so long a much loved home, where his presence was so familiar, his body rested through the watches of the night, the last before its final committal to the grave. A guard composed of young men connected

with the church kept vigil through the solemn hours. On the following morning the remains were taken to Fitchburg, Massachusetts, his native place, for interment. Here friends and relatives, young, middle-aged, and a few schoolmates and friends of his childhood gathered to mourn together for his death. Services, conducted by Rev. Joseph M. R. Eaton, a cousin and lifelong friend, and Rev. F. E. Clark, of Boston, were held in the chapel of the Calvinistic Congregational Church. From here the body was tenderly borne by a company of young men, all of whom were bound to him by the ties of nature and of friendship, none lifting the precious burden but were of common lineage with him, to Laurel Hill Cemetery. The beautiful words of committal of the Episcopal burial service were said: Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; looking for the general resurrection in the last day, and the life of the world to come through our Lord Jesus Christ; at whose second coming in glorious majesty to judge the world, the earth and the sea shall give up their dead; and the corruptible bodies of those who sleep in him shall be changed, and made like unto his own glorious body, when there, beneath the shadows of his boyhood home, he was laid to rest, near wife and children, parents, brothers, sisters, friends, where the trees that whispered to his soul in boyhood of God's great mysteries now sing his requiem.

The cross laid down, the crown attained, all labor

ended, at rest forever. As the stricken ones turned, in their sorrow, again to take up life's burdens, from that grave seemed to come in familiar voice,

> Weep not, dear loved ones! let your hearts keep singing,
> When low you bend above the churchyard sod,
> And fervent prayers your chastened thoughts are winging,
> Through sobs and tears to the bright throne of God.

The regular church prayer-meeting on the succeeding Friday evening can never be forgotten. It was like being in the presence of death. Sorrow burdened every heart; the presence of the one they missed had hallowed the place for nearly sixty years. It was an hour full of tender memories; words were spoken, prayers were offered, but all too feebly expressed the deep emotions of personal grief. But God's voice was there. The ladder verily reached from earth to heaven; angels were descending and ascending upon it, bringing and carrying the messages of both worlds as we realized more and more that dear Deacon Simonds had entered in through the gates into the City.

In the northerly wall of the church edifice are two rose windows, one on either side of the pulpit platform. Soon after the death of Deacon Jeremy Drake, who was for so many years the co-laborer with him in this vineyard of the Lord, a memorial window was placed in one of these spaces to perpetuate the name, and in remembrance of that good

man, and the opposite space has by recent action of the church been filled by a similar testimonial of the virtues of Deacon Alvan Simonds.

In their connection with the church the lives of these two men ran in parallel lines; they labored together, they were yoke-fellows in Christ, and as it is impossible to think of one without being reminded of the other, so it is difficult to write of Deacon Simonds without using the same language which has been written of Deacon Drake.

Resolutions Received by the Family.

AT a meeting of the directors of the Mechanics National Bank, held 7th June, 1886, the following resolutions were adopted: —

Resolved, That by the death of Deacon Alvan Simonds the directors realize the severe loss of one who has endeared himself to us by his universally conciliatory manner and regard for the interests and feelings of others.

Resolved, That we cordially bear testimony to his uprightness, honesty, and integrity of purpose which characterized all his dealings.

Resolved, That while we shall miss him from the scene of his labors, we shall ever hold in grateful remembrance his wise and prudent counsels, his kindness of heart, his cheerful manner, and his untiring diligence in the performance of every business or social duty.

Resolved, That we sincerely sympathize with the bereaved family of the deceased, and request them to accept the above resolutions as an evidence of our appreciation of the character of one whose memory they will always cherish.

J. W. CONVERSE,
President.

At a meeting of the Howard Benevolent Society of Boston, held 4th June, 1886, the following interesting statement was presented, and the accompanying preamble and resolutions were adopted: —

It is probably known to all present that on Saturday last, May 29th, our friend and associate, Mr. Alvan Simonds, laid down life's duties and entered into his heavenly rest. After an illness of about one week's duration, he died as he had lived, calmly, peacefully, and without a struggle, and apparently without pain; having filled up the measure of seventy-eight years, five months, and nineteen days.

Such a life and such a death as that of our friend cannot be passed over in silence, and while it is not for me to pronounce his eulogy, my position enables me, perhaps better than another, to give a few facts connected with his relations to our society.

Mr. Simonds was elected a member of our standing committee in October, 1832, and with the exception of an interval of two or three years, he served continuously for fifty-four years, a term of service far exceeding that of any one who has occupied a seat at this board.

In October, 1869, Mr. Simonds was elected treasurer of the society, and held that office until 1883, when increasing infirmities compelled him peremptorily to decline a reëlection.

He was then elected a vice-president of the society, and held that office until the close of his life.

In the absence of a more fitting testimonial to his worth and character, I venture to submit for the action of the committee the following preamble and resolutions : —

Whereas, Mr. Alvan Simonds, the oldest and one of the most honored officers of our society, has been called from his earthly labors, his associates desire to place on record their sense of his worth, and of the loss our society and the community has sustained in his death.

Therefore, *Resolved*, That in the death of Mr. Alvan Simonds in the fulness of his days, after a service of fifty-four years as an officer of the Howard Benevolent Society, the society has lost a venerated friend, a wise counselor, and a faithful and devoted officer.

Resolved, That while we cannot regret that our friend rests from his labors at the close of a long and well-spent life, we mourn for ourselves as we miss his ever-welcome presence, his kindly words, and his genial smile, and deeply feel that our society has lost a valued friend, the church a stable pillar, and the community an honorable and upright man.

Resolved, That these proceedings be entered upon the records of the society and that a copy be sent to the family of our departed friend.

GEORGE F. BIGELOW,
Secretary.

On the evening of the day of the funeral, while the body lay in the church above, the regular prayer-meeting of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor was held, at which appropriate words were spoken, full of lessons to the young drawn from the closed life so familiar to those present, and the following resolutions were presented: —

Whereas, It has pleased our heavenly Father to remove from earth our beloved friend and father in the Lord, Deacon Alvan Simonds, and *Whereas*, we, the members of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor of this church, feel that in his death we have lost one of our best and truest friends,

Be it *Resolved*, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved ones in their hour of deep affliction, and commend them to Him who has borne our griefs and carried our sorrows, and who has promised to keep all who put their trust in him.

Resolved, That we will ever keep in loving remembrance his noble and godly life, and that we will try to prove as faithful to our work as he was to his.

Resolved, That these resolutions be placed on the records, and that a copy be sent to the family of the deceased.

EMMA F. MORSE,
Secretary.

The Congregational Club of Boston, of which he was one of the original members, at its annual meeting, held 23d January, 1887, noticed his death by the following memorial, which was presented by Mr. Hamilton A. Hill, the biographer of the club.

Alvan Simonds was born in Fitchburg, December 10, 1807, but came to South Boston in 1823. When nineteen years old he joined Phillips Church, of which he has for fifty-nine years been a consistent and beloved member. For thirty-eight years he was deacon of the church, and for fifty-six years was connected with the Sunday-school, either as superintendent or teacher. He was also clerk of the society thirty-three years.

He had just completed a fully rounded half-century as cashier of the Mechanics' Bank, having been its first and only cashier, a period of service in the employ of *one* bank which we believe is entirely unique in the history of the banks of Boston.

But it was to the church that he gave his first love and his best powers. Up to within a fortnight of his death his seat was never vacant. No good cause ever appealed to his generous heart in vain. Besides giving largely to the great benevolent causes, there were many private recipients of his bounty who were never turned away empty. Yet, with all this kindness and gentleness, his character had a rare strength and symmetry which was all its own. He was a shrewd business man, not easily

imposed upon, seeing readily through shams and disguises; just, as well as generous. His religion was not merely a religion of good nature, but he believed in God the Judge as well as in God the Father.

His long continuance in so many offices of trust and honor show the *steadfastness* of his character, which was also a most noticeable trait. The church of his young manhood was the church of his old age. The belief in which he had put his trust in boyhood was good enough for his deathbed.

His modesty and humility, too, were exceptional. Just before his death he said to a beloved member of his family, "I do not expect to hear the 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, enter in,' but I do expect to hear, 'Come in, poor sinner, saved by the blood of Christ.'" And, as his pastor bent over him, near the end, to catch his labored words, he heard him say, "Do not make the people think I have been good. I am a poor sinner saved by Jesus Christ."

A half-hour before the Sabbath dawned, on the 29th of May, this godly man fell asleep to awake for his first Sabbath in heaven. Funeral services were held in Phillips Church and also at Fitchburg, where the remains were buried, and memorial services in Phillips Church Sunday morning, June 6.

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 7th, 1887.

MY DEAR SIR, — In response to your letter of inquiry concerning my recollections of incidents in the life of my old friend, Deacon Alvan Simonds, I would say that I fear that I shall disappoint you. Not because forty-one years have elapsed since I ceased to be his pastor, but because his character and surroundings were not such as to create surprises and startling incidents. His daily duties as a bank officer had much uniformity, while his pleasant manner of intercourse with others made life glide on with praiseworthy sameness. Socially he was a universal favorite with old and young. During the three years of my pastorate in South Boston, in a period of youth not much beyond boyhood, I was greatly indebted to his warm friendship. He was soon elected as a third deacon, additional to Deacons Vinton and Drake, and naturally I saw much of him in public and private. Those were days of agitation in the church over the Fairchild controversy and the slavery question, and the pastor was sometimes a little in advance of his deacons on matters of reform in church and State, as results eventually proved. But whatever discussions arose, and whatever votes were passed, Deacon Simonds never lost the confidence of any party in the church. He was always cheerful and charitable, mindful of right principle, yet studying the things that make for peace, and the sympathizing friend of all, according to their need. He made a successful mediator be-

tween alienated brethren, for neither could doubt his love and good faith. Of his perpetual presence in his proper place, of his unfailing readiness to accept his responsibilities and to make good the lack of service on the part of others, and of his spiritual influence in the church, I need not speak at large, because his very name suggests these to all who knew him. Nor did his Christian affection die out as years passed and distance of localities intervened between us. He had a warm greeting, opening the way to a most cordial intercourse, whenever we met, his shining disposition shedding light over all persons and subjects. Happy the church that has such an officer! Happy the social circle that includes such a friend! Happy the family at whose head is such a husband and father!

Yours truly,

WILLIAM W. PATTON.

Rev. Dr. Patton, president of Howard University, Washington, D. C., was pastor of Phillips Church from 18th January, 1843, to 30th December, 1845.

Funeral Address of Rev. Dr. E. K. Alden at Phillips Church, 1st June, 1886.

THERE is no treasure of more inestimable value to any community than the life, death and memory of a good man. Their influence is silent, continuous, transforming and abiding. Certain passages of Scripture are instantly suggested to us as we recall such a life.

Psalm 1 : 1–3 : "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."

We see the symmetrical, wide-spreading tree before us, of itself a beautiful object to the eye; but it is also a fruit-bearing tree and an evergreen as well. We read again : —

Psalm 119 : 1, 2 : "Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord.

Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek him with the whole heart."

Here is the man of incorruptible character, established in the divine Word, following with stead-

fastness of heart the divine will. We instinctively turn to the benedictions of our Lord, and the man we have known and loved seems to be walking before us as we read:—

"Blessed are the poor in spirit; Blessed are the meek; Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; Blessed are the merciful; Blessed are the pure in heart; Blessed are the peacemakers." We open to the last chapter of the sacred volume and we read: "Blessed are they that do his commandments,"—or it is just as appropriate if we quote from the Revised Version: "Blessed are they that wash their robes,"—"that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city." It is a joy simply to think of such a man as having lived among us for a prolonged generation; through his youth and manhood and age, a rounded life, closing at length as "a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

Whence came this strong, well-established Christian character? What were the roots of this wide-spreading, symmetrical, fruit-bearing, evergreen tree?

Our thoughts instantly go back to his childhood and youth in Fitchburg; and some of us do not forget that the revered pastor of the church, of which his parents were members, was that sturdy champion of the faith, and that man of far-seeing vision, as he looked out upon the wants of a perishing world, Rev. Samuel Worcester. We remember

that the record of that pastor and church constitutes one of the most important chapters of that significant volume of New England ecclesiastical history which made the early years of this century so momentous, and that into this history our friend was born only five years after that pastor, who still lived on in his influence in Fitchburg, had been transferred to that second throne of his power, the Tabernacle Church of Salem, where five years later were to be publicly set apart the first representatives of this Western Continent who should bear the tidings of salvation to the heathen world.

Two powerful influences thus entered into the training of the character of the boy and the youth, probably unconsciously to himself, which developed rapidly and impressed themselves permanently upon his young manhood, one emphasizing the fundamentals of the Christian faith, and the other the breadth of the Christian work. When, therefore, he came to Boston at the age of sixteen, during that great revival year of 1823, when Park-street Church and the few churches which sympathized with it were at "white heat," it is not strange that the next ten years, — a period unequaled for its intensity of evangelistic and missionary zeal, at just this centre of power, by any other period of the same duration in the history of our city; a period during which this youthful disciple avowed himself a Christian believer, and immediately took hold of Christian work, — it is not strange that the development of those ten years

made the man with all those sterling Christian virtues which commanded the respect of old and young for the fifty years which were to follow.

The two great forces of his inner being which went into the solid structure of his character then began to appear: First, clear convictions of divine truth; established views as to the divine Word, what it was and what it taught; a system of doctrinal faith centring in God revealed in Christ, all aglow with spiritual life, in which he "lived and moved and had his being;" second, the broad vision of the kingdom of God on earth, unbounded, assuredly moving forward to its final conquest; the missionary idea, in which he became interested at an early day, partly from the atmosphere of the period and of the church in which he was born, and partly from the fact that one of the pioneer missionaries to the Sandwich Islands who sailed out of Boston harbor in the year 1819 was Asa Thurston, a member of the same Fitchburg church, a young man of marked ability, twenty years his senior, whom he had known in his boyhood. Never did he forget him during all his days; often did he mention his name both in public and private, and it was one of his bright anticipations that he was to know him by-and-by in heaven.

These two characteristics were the marked features of our friend's quiet, uneventful, but most useful life of nearly fourscore years. They are the two things which will give dignity to any life: a pro-

nounced Christian faith, as unshaken as the everlasting Word of God; and a broad missionary outlook as far-reaching as that kingdom which shall yet subdue the world.

If I were to mention those qualities of which every one would speak who had known and observed this good man as he walked among his fellow-men, they would be: (1) Uprightness. Who ever questioned in any particular his integrity? (2) Fidelity to his trusts, which were many and varied. Was any one of them ever betrayed? (3) Steadfastness, the sterling quality of Bunyan's pilgrim "Standfast." (4) Kindly sympathy. The record upon this point it would take a long day to unfold; nor is it necessary. We have all ourselves experienced it. (5) A perpetual, unclouded, sunny cheerfulness. He had his occasional hours of sadness indeed, and had passed through some heavy sorrows. He could be disappointed, tried and grieved at times, as are we all. But did he ever obtrude this darker side of life upon others? Indeed, is it not somewhat difficult for us to believe that he ever knew the darker side? For his face showed it not, nor his voice, nor his step, nor his demeanor. As we recall again that face which we, some of us, watched, under many and varied circumstances, for years and decades of years, do we ever remember when it was not to us and to all who looked upon it a continuous benediction?

What was he as a hearer in the house of God, as

a teacher in the Sabbath-school, as he led our devotions, or uttered a word of counsel or comfort in the meeting of prayer, and as he fulfilled his duties as an officer of the church — all these for half a century? And how did he comport himself during the same prolonged period as a man among men in meeting his business trusts? Let those most intimately associated with him at the desk, or on the street, and who knew him best along those paths where many apparently strong men have slipped and fallen, reply. Who in such critical and uncertain days as these can over-estimate the value of such an honorable record? Nor need it be enlarged upon; for to it a whole community bears its grateful testimony. But it may well be remembered and its remembrance cherished as a priceless heritage.

What remained appropriately to close such a life as this? Just what has taken place: the peaceful departure, bearing witness to the last hour to God's fidelity to his promises, and to the abiding fellowship of that Lord who, "having loved his own, loveth them unto the end."

There is a record upon the books of this beloved Phillips Church, which our friend served so long and so faithfully, which tells that at the close of a certain interesting service, when votes of thanks had been passed to several gentlemen who had conferred benefits upon the church, and the meeting was about to close, Deacon Simonds then arose and said, that

as they had been giving thanks to friends for the favors which they had bestowed, it seemed fitting that they should conclude by pouring out their hearts in song to the one Friend to whom they were indebted for all other friends and benefactors. He therefore proposed that they should rise and sing the grand old Coronation hymn. Could he speak to us to-day, I think he would utter similar language. Certainly nothing could be more appropriate, as we give thanks for such a life, such a death, and such a precious memory, especially as we think of his own voice now singing in heaven the song he learned and loved on earth, in company with so many dear to us and to him, than to glorify that Lord whose grace is magnified in every one of those who to any degree bear his image, while we connect together the first and last stanzas of this familiar and immortal hymn: —

All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
To crown him Lord of all!

Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
We 'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all!

Address of Rev. J. M. R. Eaton at the funeral service at Fitchburg, 2d June, 1886.

WHEN I was a small boy sitting on the Sabbath day by the side of my parents in a pew in the old church near by, I well remember an aged man who sat near us, whose head was as white as the driven snow. It was said of him that when he was a little child, so young that his memory went not back beyond the event, nor even to it, it was his lifelong conviction that his soul responded to the call of God, "My son, give me thine heart," so that from the dawn of life till a good old age it was the purpose of his heart to walk in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless. In process of time he took to his home as the companion of his choice a daughter of Joseph Downe, an ancestor of a large part of this congregation. In the years that followed God gave them Artemas and Polly and Levi and Abel and Alvan and Eliza. Very soon the mother passed behind the veil, to adore, to love, to wait. When the great Master whose servants they were thought best, he released his servant from the earthly service, and together they waited still. Did they forget the dear ones for whom they had toiled and prayed? Nay, verily. Memory is indestructible. With what intensity of love did they send thought back to earth! And with what raptures of joy did they see the gates

of pearl open from time to time to welcome home those who should go no more out forever!

We are told, "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." They are made glad because a soul is saved, the Saviour honored, but can sympathize with neither the Saviour nor the saved, never having had the experience of either. How, then, beyond the power of expression must be the joy of father and mother when their firstborn came in to be robed in white, and when the harp of gold was placed in the hand of each one successively, till to-day an unbroken family, a goodly company, stand before the throne of God and the Lamb singing the everlasting hallelujahs!

One year ago last Sunday night he stood in this chapel giving his last testimony among his friends here to the value of the religion of Christ. And when subsequently invited to visit again the home of his childhood, he replied, "I shall never go to Fitchburg again, but shall soon be carried there."

Having fears that he might not bear patiently sickness and suffering, he earnestly besought the Lord for this Christian grace, and his prayer was answered. No murmur escaped his lips. With deepest gratitude he received every little ministry of love. When the fourteenth chapter of John was read to him, "In my Father's house are many mansions," loving lips told him these mansions were ready for him. With characteristic humility he re-

plied, "I do not expect to hear 'Well done, good and faithful servant,' but 'Come in, poor sinner saved by grace.'" And thought turned upon the sufferings of that Saviour through whom this salvation could be his, that while vinegar mingled with gall was his portion, he himself was being let down to the end with the most tender care. When the faithful doctor was about to leave him on the night of his death, taking his hand, he said, "Good-night, my dear old friend." The dying man replied, "Good-by, doctor, I hardly think you will find me here in the morning."

When the midnight hour drew near, and the day of holy rest was about to be ushered in, so peacefully passed the suffering one into the rest which remaineth, that the nurse, who had witnessed so many deaths, declared he had never witnessed one like this. In closing, it seems appropriate to say that an honest man has fallen. Fifty years ago he accepted a position of great responsibility. Being then elected the first cashier of Mechanics Bank, South Boston, during all these years he has proved himself faithful to his trust. Every one of the untold millions of gold that have come and gone has passed through clean hands under the control of a pure heart.

Not only an honest but a faithful man has fallen. A man who holds the key to so much money can but feel that danger may often lie in wait. Some years ago it was ascertained that some miscreants

had laid a plot to spring upon him at an unexpected moment, and take his money if not his life. Many business men found it more convenient to deposit their money in State Street than at the bank, and the cashier was known to be in the habit of going daily at a given hour to take their deposits. It was the dinner hour, when those who were accustomed to be at the place of deposit would be away. Our friend knew of the report, but as duty called him there, he went as usual. But the precaution had been taken to have the police in waiting, who saved the life of the faithful man, and lodged the would-be murderer in prison. With characteristic fidelity, the dear good man visited the prisoner and tried to persuade him to leave a life of crime for one of virtue and religion.

So faithful was he in his work, and so devoted to it, that it was only a few days before the end that he could be persuaded to hear the stern command to lay it down.

Not only has an honest and faithful man fallen, but a good man. Always upright, he did not trust to his own righteousness. Conscious of his own shortcomings, early he sought and found Him whose blood cleanseth from all sin.

His heart was always alive to the interests of this new Master whose service he had chosen. While sorrowing at the death of friends, he could always rejoice when he could feel they had died in the Lord. He had been called to his native town six-

teen times to lay dear ones in the grave, but with a glad heart he could say they all died in faith.

Life was dear to him, but heaven was dearer. Many friends bound him to earth, but more who had passed beyond were beckoning him away. And so the senior deacon of Phillips Church, like his great prototype, on whose brow apostolic hands had been placed, laid himself with the meekness of the lamb into the arms of the Good Shepherd and fell asleep.

Rev. Dr. R. R. Meredith's Address at the funeral at Phillips Church, June 1st, 1886.

IT is as unnecessary as it would be inappropriate for me to multiply words on this occasion after what has been so fully and so well said. The thought which has most deeply impressed me while I have listened to the review of this good man's life is, that genuine goodness and high character are quite independent of external circumstances, and can be realized and developed in the ordinary routine of a business man's daily life. Superficial character is sometimes rendered striking and conspicuous by extraordinary events and surroundings, just as the convulsion of civil war flung into notoriety many comparatively small men; and such character depends entirely upon its environment. But true character asks neither graves nor garlands, neither coronations nor martyrdoms; it lives and blooms and bears fruit in the commonplace scenes of every-day life. The highest goodness dispenses with the histrionic, finding its reason, its life, its inspiration within itself. This is the truth that of all others is, in my judgment, illustrated in the long and honorable life which has now closed on earth. Deacon Simonds was a plain business man. In the details of his daily life there was nothing extraordinary. In one aspect of it, his life might be called commonplace. It was not unlike that of tens of thousands

of other bank officers and business men throughout the land. But in the daily routine of that life he developed and illustrated those excellencies of character which have commanded the respect and won the esteem of all who have known him, and which bring together this large company to pay the tribute of a genuine respect to his memory now that he has gone. We can imagine no changed and stirring circumstances in which he could have developed a truer goodness or built up a more exalted character.

I became the pastor of this good man nearly eight years ago, when old age was already upon him, and sustained that relation to him for five years. I think I understood him from the first. His life was so simple and his character so transparent that he was not a difficult man to understand. I very soon learned to respect Deacon Simonds for *his sincerity*. He was true at heart. It was his constant and unwavering purpose to be right and to do right. Like all other men, he erred, but his errors were of the judgment, not of the heart. I respected him for *his conscientiousness*. Deacon Simonds was loyal to his conscience. Whatsoever thing he conceived it to be his duty to do, that thing he did, regardless of consequences. This quality of the man finds illustration nowhere more clearly and impressively than in his devotion to this church, extending as it does over more than half a century. His time and toil, prayer and counsel, money and

life, were given to it according to his ability and opportunity. He was rarely absent from his place in the sanctuary on the Lord's day, and in the social meetings of the church. And all this not merely for his own gratification, nor in obedience to irregular and uncertain impulse: it was with him a matter of profound conviction. He felt it to be right, and he did it. His conscience spoke, and he was quick to hear and alert to obey. I learned to respect this good man for *his integrity*. He was an honest man. This is known to the large company of business men here present even better than it is to me. You, as I, respected him for it. Holding positions of great trust and responsibility all his long life, not even the voice of reckless and irresponsible rumor ever connected his unsullied name with a transaction that in the remotest degree could be called dishonest. This is much to say of a man. It is no small achievement for a fallible man to live seventy-eight years in such a world as this and leave it with such a reputation as Deacon Simonds had gained. He leaves to his children the richest legacy a parent can bequeath to sons and daughters: the heritage of a stainless name and a fragrant memory.

His end was beautiful. I speak thoughtfully when I say that I have never known a death in connection with which there were so many and so great alleviations as in that of Deacon Simonds. Having lived to a ripe old age, he was permitted to continue

his daily business up till within a week of the end; and then, without excessive pain or distress, in the full enjoyment of his mental powers and the blessed comforts of the religion of Christ, in his own home, surrounded by those he loved, he tarried just long enough to say farewell and fell asleep. He "was not: for God took him" because "he walked with God."

Memorial Discourse preached in Phillips Church, June 6th, 1886, by the Rev. F. E. Clark.

Psalm xxxvii. 37: "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace."

THIS is a verse that I should very seldom dare to use as the text of a memorial discourse concerning any man. We have no more right to overpraise the dead than to underrate the living. Least of all are words of fulsome eulogy fitting as we contemplate the modest, simple life of the godly man for whom our hearts grieve to-day. And yet is there any one here who feels that language is strained, when we say of him, pointing with steady finger to the record of that long life: "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright." We use these words in the same relative sense that the Psalmist did. We interpret his meaning as we do our own by other passages of God's Word: "There is none righteous" (that is, absolutely righteous), "no, not one." "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." Our brother would be the last one to claim perfection; doubtless he, in common with every child of Adam, had his defects and committed his sins. His humble soul realized, as a coarser nature, and one more seared and calloused by sin, could not, how far short even he came of the standard of spotless purity which our Lord left us. But, when all this has been said, I appeal confidently to you every one

and say, speaking relatively as the Psalmist spoke, was there ever a man within the circle of your acquaintance of whom these words could be uttered with more confidence and less qualification: "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright"? If it were proper, I should have no hesitation in uttering words of glowing praise. Were all the inhabitants of this city within the sound of my voice, did every man and woman and child who ever knew the departed one, crowd these doors to-day, I have no fear that any one of them would arise and say, "Those words of appreciation are not true. He was not the symmetrical man of God that you make him out to be." Rather should I expect to hear from all sides: "You have not said enough, you have not spoken half that is in our hearts." Yet it is not to praise the dead that we have gathered here, but to instruct and uplift the living. *He* needs not our poor words of praise. To one who has heard from his Saviour's lips, "Well done, good and faithful servant," how weak and paltry must be any word that human tongue can frame! No, not for his sake, but for us who are left behind, that we may catch the inspiration of his life; that we may learn the truth which David in this Psalm labored to teach, that "God forsaketh not his saints,"—for this reason is it most befitting that we should dwell this morning on the lessons of this godly life. There is in every man some feature, some attitude, some characteristic quality of heart and soul that impress

themselves upon the world. Men, as well as epochs and cities, leave their individual mark behind. Pompeii was overwhelmed almost in an instant; as some one has wisely said, "She was shrouded in dust and ashes and hidden from the old Roman world only to be kept in fresh, bright colors for our own times to see. She could not stop to put on any holiday expression by which she might wish to be known hereafter; she could not hide her faults away in some dark corner and leave simply her virtues to be discerned by the men of the future; but, just as she was then, for good or evil, for better or worse, she is to this day. Now, what Vesuvius did for that one Italian city, history is ever doing for individuals. So every one, however obscure, leaves an abiding memory." It is the true man that posterity knows; not the details, not the lights or shades of character, to be sure, but yet it is the real man whose memory abides. That I may reproduce some of these abiding features of our dear friend, and leave with you a photograph which you shall all recognize as true, is my earnest desire.

In the first place, I have always been impressed with the genuine humility of our friend. No one could be acquainted with him, even casually, without perceiving that this grace lay at the foundation of his character. There was no mock humility in him that depreciated itself for the sake of being rebuked and complimented by others; he was humble as the great Newton was humble concerning his

scientific attainments, and as Origen, the most learned of all the Greek fathers, was humble concerning his philosophical wisdom, who said, "I am not ignorant of my own ignorance." So the humbler we be over the attainments in Christian grace that ascended before him, so he realized more than ever of us the immeasurable love and purity and wisdom of his Saviour, so he realized his own defects more than ever of us. To one who understands something of the boundless ocean of grace in Christ Jesus, the few pebbles which he picks up on the shore seem more insignificant than to him who can see nothing larger than the pebbles at his feet. For this reason the eminent saint in every age has been the humble saint. Call over the roll: Moses, Paul, Augustine, Origen, Luther, Melancthon, Edwards, Payson, humble men every one. In fact, their humility has in some cases been their peril, as in the case of Payson, the godliest man whose biography has been written during this century, who was plunged into the deepest gloom and distress at times by the contrast between his sinful estate and the brightness of God's glory. So with our dear friend, perhaps to a lesser degree, the very trait for which we love and revere him led him to see the exceeding sinfulness of sin as few of us realize it, and in times of bodily weakness took something of the brightness and gladness out of his life which otherwise would have thrown them at such times. This very trait were-

what hampers me as I speak to you this morning, lest in my love and reverence for him who has gone, I speak words of praise which might distress his modest, shrinking soul. With his dying breath, as I leaned over his bed that last Saturday afternoon, he whispered to me painfully and slowly, "Don't say anything in my praise in public. Don't let the people think I have been good. I am a poor sinner saved by Christ." And again he said to one of the dear ones at his bedside, "I do not expect to hear 'Come in thou blessed of my Father,' but I do hope to hear 'Come in, poor sinner saved by grace.'" Dear brother, we feel that in this matter those who knew you can judge better than yourself. To you, if to any one, were flung wide open the pearly gates. To you, if to any one, came the glad welcome, "Well done, good and faithful servant. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Another marked trait in him who has left so large a place in our hearts and our church was his steadfastness. How eloquent are these figures which tell the tale! For fifty-nine years a member of Phillips Church — the fifty-ninth year since he joined is completed this very day; a deacon of the church thirty-eight years; teacher in the Sunday-school or superintendent for fifty-six years; clerk of the society thirty-three years; cashier of the same bank fifty years; member of the school committee twenty-one years. I doubt if such a record of long-continued service in so many departments of re-

ligious and secular activity was ever made by any man since Boston was founded. I understand that such long-continued service in the same bank, fifty years fully rounded ten days before he died, is entirely unique in the history of banking in Boston. But this steadfastness and tenacity of hold was only typical of his character. Had there not been a steadfast soul in that bank, in that pew, in that Sunday-school class, we should not have had these long years of service to record. He put his heart into his business, and so he retained his interest in it, and was able so long to continue in what might have become unendurable routine to a less steadfast soul. He gave his heart to the church of his early love, which nearly threescore years ago he joined, in the flush of early manhood, and in this love he never wavered, and its interests never grew less dear to him. His patient continuance in well-doing was not the result of stolid indifference. He did not become rooted like a fruit-tree in one spot, but in this restless age he continued steadfast in the place where God had put him, because fresh interest and love ever made the service of his life fresh and sweet.

To the same church to which he gave his early manhood, even before his majority, he gave his riper years, his mature powers, his declining days. The same Bible which he reverenced in youth he reverenced in old age. The same doctrines which he subscribed to in 1827 he held to in 1886. In the same faith that he breathed his first prayer to

his Saviour he offered his last petition now that the century is growing old. And to that Saviour, we believe, will his praise and love be given throughout the endless ages. I have heard that on one occasion somewhat similar to this, a former pastor of this church preached a memorial sermon from the words, "Stand in thy lot." I pray God that this noble life may preach a perpetual sermon to the young men and all assembled here. Stand in thy lot. Do your best where God has placed you. Be faithful, be true, be persistent. Stand in thy lot. And yet this steadfast persistence of our brother never degenerated into stubbornness or hopeless conservatism. Your pastor has been surprised to see how readily he adopted new ideas of church work; how favorably he looked upon new plans for the extension of Christ's kingdom; how heartily he gave his blessing to every good cause, however untried that cause might be.

Again, we must not forget that this steadfastness was accompanied by a transparent uprightness of character. No man can ever say that Alvan Simonds ever took an unjust advantage of another man. We may challenge all Boston to contradict us, and we have no fear that it would be maintained by any one that he was ever other than the "soul of honor." A rough, ungodly, profane man, I am told, was once abusing the Church and depreciating Christians in general, when some one remarked to him quietly, "Well, you cannot say that Deacon

Simonds is not a Christian." "No," responded the man, "I 'll admit that Deacon Simonds is a Christian." I have no doubt that many similar incidents might be narrated as occurring in this long life. The fact that he lived for so many years in a ward which, to put it mildly, is by no means the model ward of Boston, and yet retained the respect of those who surrounded him, who differed from him, too, so widely in politics, in religion, in antecedents, in nationality, speaks volumes for the transparent purity and integrity of his life. I do not mean to say that he never had an enemy. I have little doubt that he had enemies. Every just, upright, conscientious man must at times be disliked by those who hate truth and righteousness. It is no compliment to any man to say that he never had an enemy. Next to the honor of having a good man for your friend is the honor of having a bad man for your enemy; the abuse and contumely of such a man is often the highest praise. Our dear friend, perhaps, was not brought into such open competition with bad men as other lines of business would have involved; but we may be very sure that, in spite of opposition or hard words or misrepresentations, he would never have swerved a hair's breadth from the truth, and at last, before all the world, he could have issued Samuel's ringing challenge to disprove his integrity: —

"I am old and grayheaded; and, behold, my sons are with you: and I have walked before you

from my childhood unto this day. Behold, here I am: witness against me before the Lord, and before his anointed: whose ox have I taken? or whose ass have I taken? or whom have I defrauded? whom have I oppressed? or of whose hand have I received any bribe to blind mine eyes therewith?"

These words might he have spoken, and we all, as the people of Israel responded to Samuel, would have replied: "Thou has not defrauded us, nor oppressed us, neither hast thou taken aught of any man's hand."

Still another characteristic on which I would dwell for a few moments is the well-rounded symmetry of his character. There are many whom we can praise for certain good traits, but over other qualities we must draw the veil of charity and silence; but our brother's life was a remarkably symmetrical one; it was many-sided. He was "complete in Him." His head was not cultivated at the expense of his heart, nor his heart at the expense of his head. While we dwell largely at this time upon his moral qualities, yet he was a man of intellectual power, and of no mean literary expression. An aged minister has recently told me that when this church was about to call as their pastor one who for many years was honored and beloved among you, this young man from the Berkshire hills held back, doubtful as to his duty in coming here. At that critical juncture, when the matter was being weighed, Deacon Simonds put into my informant's hands, to be forwarded to this

young man, a document so finely worded, so cogent in its reasonings, with arguments so well marshaled and so tersely expressed as to the desirability of this young man's accepting your call, that he felt (so said this aged minister) that he had little doubt of the effect of such a presentation of the claims of Phillips Church.

The sweetness of his disposition we all know, and yet there was nothing weak or unmanly in this disposition. Very beautifully toward the end did this sweetness and tenderness for others make itself manifest. Almost the last words our dear friend spoke when the sands of life were wellnigh run, were words of thoughtful consideration for others. "I am afraid you will get tired out; you had better some of you take some rest," he said to those about his bed. And again, when the cooling beverage was presented to his fevered lips by one of his loved ones, he said with a look of gratitude: "The poor innocent Saviour said 'I thirst,' and they gave him vinegar mingled with gall, and I am only a poor sinner, and you give me such *good* things." Such were the words of appreciation and sweetness and sympathy which were always falling from his lips, an index of the sweet soul behind the outward expression. And yet, as was said before, strength and manliness here ever mingled with this sweetness. He was not only a kind husband and loving father, he was a shrewd business man as well. It was very hard to impose upon him. He could

detect an impostor as quickly as he could recognize genuine worth. In his business relations there must have been hundreds of occasions where it was his duty to refuse favors that were asked, and he did not hesitate to deny, any more than to oblige, when it was possible for him to oblige others. He was one of the most generous men I ever knew; giving very largely every year of his life; not setting apart a few paltry dimes or dollars, but hundreds of dollars, for the great causes of benevolence, and supplementing this charity by many private donations; and yet I imagine that the ablebodied beggar, the impostor who would spend for rum what he asked for bread, would find that he who could be wisely generous could also be wisely just. His religion was not a religion of good nature alone. God, to him, was not simply the personification of sweetness and light, but of justice and righteousness as well, and this religious faith made his life what it was. He was gentle among the gentle, and yet in the performance of duty he was willing to take his life in his hand, as he did more than once in caring for the property entrusted to him.

The symmetry of this life is one of the great lessons that I would impress upon the living, especially upon the young people before me. Godliness is not a synonym for weakness. To be saintly towards the heavens is not to be weakly towards the earth. An infidel orator who sometimes utters a truth, in spite of his principles, has recently said, "There is

nothing smart in meanness." It is equally true there is nothing weak in true goodness. Search the records of the world through and through, and you will find that the truly strong men have been the truly good men. Brilliant genius may dazzle our eyes for the moment, and be associated with despicable traits of character, but strong manhood is good manhood. It has been said that the character and manhood of our friend was the result of his religion. This is true to a greater or less extent of every man; it was preëminently true of him who has gone. We sometimes hear creeds and doctrines sneered at. More often than we think, "the creed is the man." "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Our brother loved his fellow-men whom he did see, because he loved his God whom he had not seen. He was charitable because the Lord whom he loved and followed was charitable. He was humble because he was a follower of the meek and lowly One. He was steadfast because he patterned his life after Him who ever abideth faithful. He was gentle because Christ's compassion had touched his heart. He abhorred the wrong because he felt the enormity of sin against God. He loved justice and was scrupulous in every little thing, not because of a sentiment which he cherished, but because the eternal principles of justice and truth had entered into his soul. If you could have looked within that good man's heart, you would have found the creed of Phillips Church (I do not mean in all its minutiæ

and detail), but in the eternal principles of right and wrong which that creed embodies, you would have found that creed written there. Every noble life must have noble principles behind it. For every such superstructure there must be a sure foundation, and "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Christ Jesus." The Psalmist tells us to note the end of the upright man — "the end of that man is peace." The end of the wicked is anything but peace. "His end shall be cut off." He may spread himself "like a green bay tree. Yet he passed away, and, lo, he was not: yea, I sought him, but he could not be found." Now, note the contrast: "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace." What a confirmation of the Psalmist's words was the end of him who has gone from us. At the beginning of his sickness he was somewhat troubled in spirit. His self-depreciation got the better of his buoyancy; but at the beginning of the last week the clouds all rolled away from his soul, the Sun of Righteousness streamed in, and all was quiet, restful joy. The end of that man was peace. Perfect trust in his Saviour's blood, perfect confidence in his atonement and intercession. He went to sleep very late Saturday night, to wake up Sunday morning in heaven — the day of all days which we feel he would have wished should be the first in the presence of his Lord. Away from the noise and bustle of these crowded

streets of stone and brick, to the quiet and rest of the golden streets of the New Jerusalem. Away from the sickness which had beset this wornout frame, to the tireless life of that land "where the inhabitant never saith, I am sick." Away from the feebleness incident to old age, to the land of perpetual youth. Away from the embrace of loving friends, to be sure, but into the bosom of an all-loving Saviour. Is there anything but joy and peace about such a death? Can this be what we ordinarily mean by death?

No, no, it is not dying,
To go unto our God,
This gloomy earth forsaking,
Our journey homeward taking,
Along the starry road.

No, no, it is not dying,
Heaven's citizen to be;
A crown immortal wearing,
And rest unbroken sharing,
From care and conflict free.

No, no, it is not dying,
To wear a heavenly crown,
Among God's people dwelling,
The glorious anthem swelling,
Of him whose sway we own.

It was on the eve of Memorial day that our friend left us, a day that will ever have a new significance to this church, as it will be to us the memorial of as true a patriot as ever gave up his life on the battle-field; the memorial of a faithful soldier of

Jesus Christ, who, under the great Captain of his salvation, fought a good fight, who finished his course, who kept the faith, who received that day his crown of life.

In such a peaceful departure, in such glorious home-going, there is nothing of terror. There is no sting in such a death, no victory in such a grave. The psalm of joy drowns the wail of sorrow when we think of him who has gone to the city for which he looked, the city that "hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

As we dwell upon such an end, we understand the Scripture teaching that for those who live aright death is but an episode in life; the cemetery is only the sleeping-place, the grave but the vestibule of glory. Yea, we realize that

There is no death! the leaves may fall,
And flowers may fade, and pass away,
They only wait through wintry days
The coming of May-day.

There is no death! the dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

There is no death! an angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread,
And bears our best loved things away,
And then we *call* them dead.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life — there is no dead!

IT is interesting to note that many of the qualities of heart and mind which made up the noble character of Alvan Simonds seem, from tradition and such written evidence as has been preserved, to have been received by transmission from parent to child. That he had many traits in common with his father, was similar in temperament, and that there was a remarkable coincidence in many of the leading incidents of their respective lives, is apparent from the appended obituary of Mr. Simonds the elder, written by his pastor, Rev. E. W. Bullard, which we reproduce from *The Boston Recorder* of 10th January, 1840. It could not have applied with more force and truth to the father, Joseph, than, with slight modifications as to facts, it does to the son, Alvan.

"Died at Fitchburg, November 9, 1839, Mr. Joseph Simonds, aged 71. This article proposes a brief notice of this worthy citizen and beloved Christian. To his worth as a citizen there is this public testimony, the unimpaired confidence of his townsmen, exhibited in important trusts [1] committed to him with great unanimity through a long succession of years. Mr. Simonds sought not high things for himself, but rather shrank from public attention. A sense of duty alone could withdraw him from his

[1] For many years he was selectman, overseer of the poor and assessor and town treasurer twenty-one years, often chosen by a unanimous vote. From 1808 to 1825 he was much engaged as executor and administrator in the settlement of estates, and in the care of property as the guardian of minors. In 1827 and 1828 he was a member of the Legislature as a representative of Fitchburg.

humble calling, his industrious and domestic habits. Possessed, however, of a strong mind and a sound judgment, matured by much solid reading and reflection, and holding fast his integrity in all circumstances, his abilities for counsel and business were often laid under contribution. In public and private duties of this sort he was ever above the suspicion of sinister motives, or the least intentional obliquity. Indeed, he was esteemed as one of the fathers of the town, respected and confided in by all, and ardently loved by many.

"But it is as a Christian that we most delight to contemplate the character and cherish the memory of our departed friend. In 1804, probably several years after his hopeful conversion to God, he united with the Orthodox Church in Fitchburg, and continued to the end steadfast in the fundamental doctrines of the gospel as held by that body of professed Christians; ready always to give an answer to those who asked him a reason, either of his faith or hope, with meekness and fear. From the period of his public profession he was eminently beloved as a brother in whom dwelt the spirit of a strong faith and a living charity; evincing to others, at least, that while his delight was in the saints, his fellowship was indeed with the Father and his Son Jesus Christ.

"In 1811 he was chosen deacon of the church; but deeming himself unworthy of so great an honor, and believing that he was disqualified in some respects for the more public duties of the office, he

begged permission to decline. Still, he did not wish to be an inactive member of the household of faith. In his own unobtrusive way, with lowliness of mind, by a holy walk and conversation, by diligent attendance upon the means of grace and a cordial support of gospel ordinances, by cultivating a spirit of prayer and Christian benevolence, he labored to promote the peace and prosperity of Zion and the salvation of souls.

"Our departed brother, a father in Israel, was a mature Christian. The pure fountain of truth was his never-failing resort. Large portions of the Word had he treasured up in his retentive memory. It was sweet to his taste and most precious to his meditation. It dropped from his lips as that which did most largely possess his heart. It seasoned, or rather composed, his paternal instructions and admonitions. He was a man of few words, but upon all solemn and religious subjects he seemed always to speak fitly, because he spake the words of God; reminding us of the proverb, 'A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.'

"He maintained a regular and frequent correspondence with a twin-brother for more than forty years. Upwards of twenty years that brother had resided in St. Louis. They both became pious about 1800, and a large space in the fraternal correspondence was devoted to the breathing of religious affection. They exchanged letters in the early part of last summer. Since September 6th they have both gone to their reward."

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